Divine Dependency: Recognizing My Need for God in 2013.

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In my life, all I needed was God. I relied on God for everything, not just in the present but even in the afterlife. I didn't want to risk losing my faith and hope in God. God was like a guardian angel to me, a loving parent, and a friend with whom I could share everything—my thoughts, frustrations, and even my envy. I felt that only God truly knew me, more than even my own parents.

As I witnessed the world around me deteriorating into chaos, I found myself crying without a clear reason. I felt restless and burdened with stress. I longed to change myself, but I struggled to find the right words to express my emotions. I felt that my actions were causing pain to God, although I couldn't fully understand my own existence. I believed that my parents, Amma and Appa, were suffering because of me and my health. It became difficult for me to focus on my studies, and I doubted my own abilities. Despite trying to appear normal, I was deeply affected both internally and externally. I felt depleted of energy, and my bed sores had a profound emotional impact on me. I feared that I would end up back in the hospital.

I carried my grief silently, unable to share it with anyone. I even felt a sense of disconnection from God due to my own actions. I begged God not to hate me, as I was aware of my own flaws and sins. I yearned to see Jesus, to witness the appearance of God, and to spend time conversing with Him. Numerous questions filled my mind, leaving me pondering what, why, and how. In the midst of it all, I developed a fear of happiness, knowing that it could swiftly turn into pain.